

## THE RED SEA

BY ANNE JOHNSON FLINT

Have you come to the Red Sea place in your life  
Where, in spite of all you do,  
There's no way out, there's no way back,  
There's no other way but *through*?

Then wait on the Lord, with a *faith* serene,  
Till the night of your fear is gone.  
He will send the wind; he will heap the flood;  
But he says to your soul "Go on."

His hand will lead you through, clear through,  
Ere the watery walls roll down;  
No foe can reach you, no wave can touch;  
No mightiest sea can drown.

The tossing billows may rear their crest,  
Their foam at your feet may break;  
But over their bed you may walk dry-shod  
In a path which our Lord will make.

—Contributed.

## FORGIVENESS

By Nannie Blain Underhill

Have thy friends trespassed against thee,  
And for kindness, done thee harm?  
Has a dear one gone and left thee—  
Hast thou lost thy strong right arm?  
Oh, some day they will regret it,  
And they'll wish they had been kind;  
Treasure not a thought against them—  
To their faults be somewhat blind.

Do some folks misrepresent you—  
Have they tarnished your good name?  
Has someone stolen all your treasures—  
Have you sought their love in vain?  
How unhappy their condition,  
With no hope beyond this world;  
How they need for sins remission—  
Ere their souls to death be hurled.

Have you suffered vile behavior  
When you tried to do them good?  
Have they scorned your loving favor  
When you helped them all you could?  
Pray for them; oh, do not waver—  
Bear their needs to Christ above.  
Try to draw them to thy Savior—  
Their only chance may be thy love.

## MARRIAGES

GOWDY-BURDICK.—Mr. Clair Gowdy of Petrolia, N. Y., and Beulah Burdick of Alfred, N. Y., were united in marriage November 2, 1938, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Burdick. Rev. A. Clyde Ehret officiated. Their home will be in Wellsville, N. Y.

## OBITUARY

COON.—Charles Henry, was born in Walworth, Wis., March 13, 1853, and died at his home in Battle Creek, Mich., October 5, 1938.

He was married to Rebecca Smith, April 25, 1875, who preceded him in death, October 17, 1892. He leaves an only daughter, Ruby (Mrs. Emile) Babcock.

Though reared in a sturdy religious atmosphere he did not become openly a Christian till middle life. For many years he has been a faithful member of the Battle Creek Seventh Day Baptist Church.

Funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. Edward M. Holston. The remains were taken to Walworth, where further services were conducted by President Jay W. Crofoot of Milton College, and interment was made in the Walworth cemetery. E. M. H.

PLACE.—Margaret Maranda Greene, daughter of Quincy DeForest and Josephine Maxson Greene, was born March 15, 1867, at Adams, N. Y., and died October 8, 1938, in Michigan, where she was visiting her son.

On October 20, 1886, she was united in marriage to Phil S. Place of Alfred, N. Y. Two children, Mrs. Irving Jones of Alfred, and Tom M. Place of Mt. Clemons, Mich., survive.

In early life she united with the Seventh Day Baptist Church of Adams Center, transferring her membership to Alfred, where she remained an active and faithful member.

Besides the ones named she is survived by her husband, ten grandchildren, one great-grandson, a brother, Fay Greene; two sisters, Miss Amy Greene, and Mrs. C. H. Coon.

Farewell services were held from her home and the church, conducted by her pastor, A. Clyde Ehret, and burial was in the Alfred Rural Cemetery. A. C. E.

TRUMAN.—Welcome E., son of Dudley and Roxey Truman, was born November 4, 1856, at Otselic, N. Y., and died November 10, 1938, at De Ruyter, N. Y.

He was married January 20, 1893, to Carrie Williams of Otisco Valley. Mr. and Mrs. Truman have lived in the vicinity of De Ruyter for the past thirty-five years. Besides his wife he leaves one adopted daughter, Mrs. Carl Waldroff of Fulton, N. Y.; one grandchild, Welcome Waldroff; two nephews, and one niece. Mr. Truman was the last survivor of a family of eight children.

The funeral service was held at the home, conducted by Rev. Neal D. Mills, pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist Church of De Ruyter. Interment was made in Hillcrest Cemetery. N. D. M.

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# The Sabbath Recorder

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No. 26

## WELCOME — NEW YEAR

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old;  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land;  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Alfred Tennyson.

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# The Sabbath Recorder

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## HAPPY NEW YEAR!

### A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU!

A flower unblown: a book unread:  
A tree with fruit unharvested:  
A path untrod: a house whose rooms  
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes;  
This is the year that for you waits  
Beyond tomorrow's mystic gates.

—Horatio Nelson Powers.

**The New Year** We are living in the long drawn shadows of the year. The dawn of 1939 is upon the horizon. Do we face the new year in shadows of regret and sadness? Sorrows, failures, disappointments, defeats may surge over us in these days, but they must not submerge us. The future must be faced heroically and with confidence. Downfalls need not mean defeat. It's not the fact that one fell, but what did he do after the fall. How gloriously David arose after his shameful defeat, confessed his sin, and became such of whom it was said he was "a man after God's own heart." The significant thing in a man's life is not that he failed, but what he has done when he has failed.

The new year offers a new starting point with new inspiration and hope.

"O clean, white page,  
Stars, and a Star to light the way.  
Hope, big, blessed, buoyant,  
A faith that conquers  
Tasks enormous, impossible.  
Overwhelming strength,  
Majesty, and a certain  
Glory that assures calm.  
Hallelujah!

—James G. Tucker.

What blessed opportunity, challenge, and promise. Welcome, then, the new year. Welcome the courage it brings. Our future is in the hands of God who never slumbers or sleeps. It is he who declares that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are called according to his purpose."

There are hard days ahead. There are perplexing problems: problems of youth, of church; of the country and city; of crime, and unemployment; of war and liquor; problems interracial and international. We do well to put Christ at the center of all our thinking and planning for the year. If we would meet the challenges of our problems successfully we must work hard, dare much, and press forward, individually and as a people. Let us follow our leaders to whose shoulders has been entrusted the "ark," remembering that the waters of the Jordan rolled back only after the priests bearing the ark had stepped from the brink into the opposing flood, and the people had followed them. Then the promised land. Let us throw ourselves courageously into the Lord's work, faithfully into our own tasks with a new passion, a new joy, and a new enthusiasm, "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto the things which are before . . . press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

With new life, new purpose, new hope, new faith, and new courage we face the new year unafraid. The verses by Robert McGowan offer for us a good prayer as the year 1939 opens before us.

Give me the patience, Lord, to wait  
Most humbly at the silent gate  
That opens only unto prayer,  
When mortal need bows lowly there.

Grant me the joy of work well done  
Ere yet the shadows veil the sun,  
And reaping in the harvest fields  
Let there be more than labor yields.

Open the treasure to my eyes  
Unseen beneath the summer skies,

And wiser than the sons of time  
Let me behold the truth sublime.

Take me beyond my little fold  
To where the daring tales are told,  
A wider world than they have known  
Who live unto themselves alone.

Lead me into the secret place  
That I may see thee face to face,  
And I shall learn for ever more  
Thy name to worship and adore.

**Items of Interest** Mr. Roosevelt said: "By no possibility, at any time or under any circumstances, shall that institution, the saloon, or its equivalent, be allowed to return to American life."

Mrs. Roosevelt said: "The average girl of today faces the problem of learning very young, how much she can drink of such things as whiskey and gin, and sticking to the proper quantity."

Repealists said liquor killing would stop. A bootlegger killed two policemen before he was shot to death in a raid in Springfield, Mass, recently. Police detained a woman who they believed was the bootlegger's moll. These killings add to the fast growing list of officers slain by bootleggers and tavern keepers since repeal.

Wets promised racketeering would end. Today the legalized liquor traffic is victimized by all kinds of rackets, traffic deaths are boosted, drunkenness increases, liquor revenues are dismal failures, and large increases in the number of federal prisoners are seen.

—From National Voice.

William Holmes McGuffey, author of the famous McGuffey readers, failed to pass an examination for headmaster of a school in Warren, Ohio, in 1820. Two members of the board of examiners were graduates of Yale and they injected into the examination questions which McGuffey couldn't answer.

—Selected.

The Mormons have announced that they are prepared to care this winter for all needy members who have been willing to participate in the church's welfare program. Leaders expect to be called on to provide this year for a greater number than the 44,440 members who received assistance of some kind last year. They hope to put more than the 6,071 persons in private industry and estimate that the \$1,502,454 spent last year will be exceeded. The welfare committee, encouraged by reports of

an abundant harvest and increased contributions, give assurance that "no faithful members of the church need want for the necessities of life during the coming winter."

—M. P. Recorder.

In Boston the burglar insurance rate is \$12 per thousand. In New York the rate is \$22.50. In Chicago it is \$27.50. What is the connection between these figures and the fact that the Bible has been read daily in the public schools of Boston for sixty-five years, in New York for twenty-two years, and for thirty years excluded from the schools of Chicago?

—Bible Society Record.

Rev. Geo. A. Buttrick, D.D., pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, N. Y., was elected president of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America at the biennial meeting recently held in Buffalo, N. Y. He succeeds Dr. Edgar DeWitt Jones of Detroit.

The Federal Council specifically and vigorously denied the charges made before the Dies Committee investigating un-American activities that the Federal Council "meddled incessantly in political affairs," and that it sponsors "the ideas of radical groups." Such charges are entirely "false as indicated by action taken at Buffalo by the Council in official session equally repudiating and opposing both Fascist and Communist forms of totalitarianism."

The Federal Council at Buffalo, N. Y., in biennial convention assembled passed a resolution urging the "voluntary discontinuance" of the sale of war materials to Japan.

**Adapted from "Now Was he a mean Dad? And Then" in In a certain village The "Messenger" there was a man who was a member of "The Sons and Daughters of the Kingdom" society, and he had some real, old-fashioned ideas of what being a Christian meant. And it was so that many of his neighbors had very new-fashioned ideas about being a Christian, almost everything went except going to church very regularly.**

And the man had children; and it came to pass on a Sabbath afternoon he took his family for a ride, and took also one of the new-fangled Christians. And the day was



hot, and as they passed by an ice cream stand the children clamored for ice cream, and the man said, "No, this is the Sabbath and we never buy anything on Sabbath day unless it is absolutely necessary. And ice cream is not a necessity today."

And when the new-fangled Christian got home she began telling her neighbors of what a "mean dad" the children had, and she said, "There's nothing to that. We run down to the beach about every third Sabbath, in the summer, and our children have a grand time and we buy anything we want and go in bathing."

And the woman started a rumpus in the neighborhood, and some said the man was right, but the most part agreed he was a "mean dad," for they also skipped to the seashore on a hot Sabbath.

And the man heard about his being a "mean dad," and he said, "I don't care what they call me: but I know this, that these new-fangled Christians, who *whoop it up* on the Sabbath at the beach, got their start by buying ice cream cones and hot dogs on the Sabbath, and wind up by buying anything and doing anything they want to do on the Sabbath; and 'mean dad' or not, I am not going to start my children that way." And then there was another rumpus in the village as to whether he was right or wrong.

**From China** A letter from Dr. Grace I. Crandall brings greetings and words of encouragement, both to the SABBATH RECORDER, which she highly commends, and to the Tract Board because of the interest she shows in the promotion of Sabbath truth in China. With a request for Sabbath tracts she writes, "I thought that while I am here in Shanghai I might work with Mr. Dzau Chung-ung, who has been sick so long with T.B., and is now able to work a little, and we together translate some of these tracts into Chinese. . . . The 'Statement of Beliefs' could also be translated, and some copies of the English version could also be distributed, for we have many in our church now who understand English well enough to read them."

"Miss Helen Su is sitting here beside me and I am consulting her as I go along. She is quite closely associated with this moving of the church in Shanghai and it seems to be her opinion that many of the leaders are now studying the claims of the different denominations and she says many of them are com-

ing to the idea of immersion instead of sprinkling, but there has not yet been any recognition of the claims of the Sabbath. It may be that now is a good time to distribute some tracts on that question." A campaign is being continued, called "Shanghai for Christ Crusade," in which our own missionaries are much interested and active. Publicity material, samples of which were inclosed with the doctor's letter, is interesting and attractive. With the interest of missionaries and native Christians back of it, the campaign should be effective and replete with blessing for all.

**"The New Church Hymnal": a Review** Lovers of true worship in the house of God are always pleased on the appearance of a good, fresh, new hymn book. Too much use can hardly be made of a good hymnal. The early pioneer preacher went forth with the Bible and hymn book in his hands. They go well together, especially where the compiler of hymns has a discerning heart, eye, and ear.

Dr. H. Augustine Smith has achieved another success in *The New Church Hymnal*, by D. Appleton-Century Company of New York. It is a comfortable volume to hold, beautifully bound, containing over five hundred hymns and chants, seventy-two pages of rich worship material, and complete indexes of hymns, tunes, etc.

A member of a committee, one time examining the hymns of a proposed new song book, exclaimed, "Why, thy make you feel you are in church." The reading and singing of the selections in *The New Church Hymnal* make one feel just that—as of course they were meant to do. They were meant for corporate worship.

Collaborating with Doctor Smith have been outstanding authorities on hymnology, church music, and church worship. The best of old and revered hymns have been selected, while the finest of the new hymns with "purposeful meaning for the modern age" have been chosen. Fifty-four numbers appear in this hymnal for the first time on this side of the Atlantic except a few included in *The American Student Hymnal*. Over sixty with alternative tunes appear, making a saving of many pages for old and new hymns. A feature commending the book to many is the appearance of all words and music together.

A number of new and unusual stanzas are noted, as in "My country, 'tis of thee":

Lord, let war's tempest cease,  
Fold the whole world in peace  
Under thy wings.  
Make all the nations one,  
All hearts beneath the sun,  
Till thou shalt reign alone,  
Great King of kings.

In "These things shall be, a loftier race":

They shall be simple in their homes  
And splendid in their public ways,  
Filling the mansions of the state  
With music and with hymns of praise.

And in "O young and fearless Prophet":

Stir up in us a protest  
Against unearned wealth,  
While men go starved and hungry  
Who plead for work and health:  
Whose wives and little children  
Cry out for lack of bread,  
Who spend their years o'erweighted  
Beneath a gloomy dread.

*The New Church Hymnal* includes nearly fifty of the grand, inspiring hymns of personal trust and Christian faith. Such a list including "Beneath the cross of Jesus," "Just as I am," "What a friend we have in Jesus," "He leadeth me," "O for a closer walk with God," "I love to tell the story," "More love to thee," makes the book of great value for prayer meetings, devotional services, and real revival work.

The section devoted to other helps for worship periods contains calls to worship, chants, prayers, responses, litanies and responsive readings—aids that have stood the test of time and become an integral part of our common heritage. We note that at least one Seventh Day Baptist Church—Little Genesee, N. Y.—is using this valuable work.

As an effective aid for ministers who are striving for more purposeful church services, for more inspired and co-operative congregational singing, and for richer religious experience, *The New Church Hymnal* can be recommended with confidence.

## MISSIONS

### PRAY FOR THE CHURCHES

As has been announced already in these columns, the first week in next month is "The Week of Prayer for the Churches," a movement fostered for many decades by Protestant churches over all the world.

There is great significance in the expression, "Prayer for the Churches." The churches make up the institution which Christ founded

for the purpose of transforming men and establishing his glorious and everlasting kingdom. There is nothing for which we need to pray more earnestly than for the churches, and it is a good way to begin the new year. One church (Second Hopkinton) plans to observe the Week of Prayer by holding its Preaching Mission at that time, and doubtless many other churches will hold public services that week; but the call is for private prayer, as well as public.

Pray that the pastorless churches may have pastors. Pray that they may do all they can to support their pastors and that the denomination may aid them if necessary. Pray that pastors may be zealous and untiring. Pray that peace and harmony may prevail in all the churches. Pray that the churches may increase in numbers and vital religion. Pray for the churches in lands where godless rulers are trying to destroy the churches, usurp the place of Christ in the hearts of men, and defeat the kingdom of God. Pray that all may be true to the Church of their Redeemer.

### PASTOR HARGIS WRITES OF WORK IN JAMAICA

Rev. W. L. Burdick,  
Ashaway, R. I., U. S. A.

Dear Brother Burdick:

I want to get a letter away to you today because it is my last chance before leaving Jamaica. I am sailing on S. S. *Canada* tomorrow (Sunday) and will arrive in Los Angeles December 22.

I want to thank you for your many kindnesses and personal interest in the work, my family, and myself. We have faced many problems and you have guided us through them well.

Since Brother and Sister Crichlow have come to Jamaica, I have carried them to all churches and most groups—in all we have traveled about one thousand miles. He is grasping the work and seems to be well along in leading out in this work. We have talked through many situations that might be difficult and I hope I have given right advice. He has decided to take over my car to help getting around to fields.

The brethren have been very generous and appreciative of the feeble work we have done.

I am praying that the board may get the vision we have of the work here. The field has great possibilities and needs several work-

ers. Our work should be soul saving, and if Jamaica could have a plant of even a small sort, the result in souls saved would be great. Anyway we are ready to give and do our best.

Kindest greetings and may your Christmas time be the brightest ever.

Sincerely in Him,  
27 Charles St., Kingston, Jamaica,  
December 10, 1938.  
Pastor Hargis.

### DOCTOR CRANDALL DESCRIBES WORK IN SHANGHAI

Dear Friends:

It is nearing Christmas time again and still we are not feeling altogether in a holiday mood. This war, although now for the most part far removed from us, still keeps our hearts aquiver. The fall of Hankow comes rather close to us because there were people we know working there. Mr. Chang, the father of Miss Phillips' little charge, who is at the head of the Bureau of Communications, was there as late as October 26. Under him in the Department of Railways are two Milton graduates, Charles Chow and John Lee, who with their wives we suppose were in Hankow. One of the nurses who was graduated from our first class at Grace Hospital was also there the last we knew.

It is difficult to write anything and not talk about the war, but I am supposed to tell you something about the place where I am working. I think that I told you before that I was planning to take charge of the clinic at the Nantao Christian Institute. Nantao is the part of Shanghai which lies to the south and east of the French Concession, and the institute is about one mile and a half directly east of us. But although the street just east of our house is in Nantao and the door of our gate house can be opened right into that street, we have to drive to the Bund and go through the barrier between the French Concession and Nantao there, show our French and Japanese passes, and drive around the east side of the old native city to the East Gate, a distance of more than three and one-half miles. No other passages are open between the two areas.

The Nantao Institute was built by the Northern Presbyterian Mission at the South Gate as a community center for that district. It is a large, four-story building of concrete construction and was not injured during the

fighting. They have a flat roof on part of the upper story, which serves as a porch for the staff whose living quarters are on that floor. They had a large American flag painted on this porch floor so that the aviators could not fail to see it.

They are using their staff there to conduct what they call the "Goodwill Industries." They have duffel bag-like bags which they distribute to the homes in Shanghai, in which people are requested to deposit anything they do not want. Periodically they gather up these bags and take them to the institute, where the contents are made useful. Garments which can be made over into children's clothing to advantage are sold for a small sum to anyone who wants them. They feel that it is a better policy to give for value received, even though the amount received is far below the intrinsic value of the articles. Other things such as old pieces and worn-out garments are made up into salable articles. They make very nice shoes and bedroom slippers of the best of the cloth pieces. The soles are made of small pieces of strong cloth over strawboard, quilted together with coarse cord. This is an old Chinese method in which they are very skillful. The soles are almost as hard and waterproof as sole leather. They also make mops of strips of cloth like carpet rags, bound securely together so that they can be slipped over any wooden handle and be fastened to it. Men are also employed in making the straw sandals which ricksha coolies and ordinary laborers wear. Still other workers are employed in cleaning and pressing clothing, and some make clothing which is given away to the destitute on the streets.

In their kitchen they make bean milk from the soy bean and cook a sweet soup of the red bean which is considered especially useful in the treatment of beri beri, because it is rich in vitamin B. Every morning they serve these foods hot to from one to two hundred people who seem deficient in nourishment. I was glad to pass over some of the money which Miss Chapin, Miss Burdick's nurse, had sent me for the destitute to help finance this service. The institute also gives away rice in small quantities to those who are absolutely without food.

They have two hundred workers who get ten cents in cash and a ten cent rice ticket each day for a half day's work. There are many more than they can take who would like to do the work, even for that small sum.

One person can live on the amount, though it is not much more than bare existence. If they have children and only one parent can work, it is very difficult. But for the most part the workers are women and their men can often find some sort of work with the Japanese to eke out a meager existence. The institute has a kindergarten and a class for children older, so that the children are cared for while their parents work.

The clinic is held on the main floor and we see from seventy-five to one hundred five patients every forenoon that I am there. I go Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings from 8 to 12. My only real nurse is one of our own graduates. The other nurses call him Miss Shaw's "only son," because he is the only male nurse we had in our hospital.

He is a son of our former evangelist, Mr. Woo. He was found to have tuberculosis when he was quite young and we took him into the hospital and kept him until he was well enough to attempt light work. Then we allowed him gradually to work into the hospital routine, helping here and there as he had strength until he was able to take and complete the nurses' course. He has had his turn in the laboratory, first as general helper and finally as substitute technician. He is quick and neat and loves to learn new things, so he did well there. Later our drug-room nurse was sick and he took her place and soon had the place all polished up and was able to fill prescriptions and make solutions like an old hand. He was graduated as a nurse in the spring of 1937, and when the war broke out came to Shanghai and has been working in hospitals for wounded soldiers and in refugee hospitals since, until he had a hemorrhage about three months ago. The cause seemed to be more worry than a real recurrence of his disease. The hospital, where he was, decreed a six months' rest and did not wish to keep him there, so I found this place for him. I have taken in a microscope and he examines specimens, puts up medicines, and waits on me generally. I find him excellent help.

Last month we treated 1,759 patients. Of course, with so many cases our work is necessarily superficial, but it is still greatly appreciated. The clinic is absolutely free. The Chinese Red Cross furnishes \$35 worth of medicines every month, but I furnish a great many, almost all of the internal medicines.

Fortunately, I have had gifts to cover most of this expense.

Conditions are better in Nantao than they were. Most of the regular Japanese army has gone inland and they have brought over a lot of young boys (many of them do not look more than twenty years old). They do most of the sentinel work now. They are really quite pleasant. I came home all puffed up one day because one of them had saluted me. These boys are more kindly toward the populace. Then the Japanese have trained a very large body of Chinese police who naturally are more considerate of their own people. But still it is difficult to get about because there is so much red tape and expense. There are few industries, no business to speak of in the occupied territories. The restrictions of passes, taxes, and frequent confiscation hinder any sort of business. Besides there is very little protection, because at night they simply shut the gates between the concession and the occupied zone and the sentinels and police all go to bed while the thieves and armed robbers come out and take possession.

I must not close without telling you how very glad I am and we all are that Doctor Thorngate is to come early next year. I am sure the way is opening up for good opportunities for work for him as soon as he arrives. It may be in co-operation with other missions, at first. All are using their time and effort wherever it is most needed and the whole tendency is toward co-operation among all agencies for the relief of suffering. Even so, all we can do is not sufficient.

I send my best wishes and hearty Christmas greetings to all who read this, whether I know you or not. We are all one in our desire for the advancement of God's kingdom.

—Taken from the November issue of the *China Bulletin*.

### THE SEEING EYE

A curve in the road and a hillside clear-cut  
against the sky;  
A tall tree tossed by the autumn wind, and a  
white cloud riding high;  
Ten men went along that road and all but one  
passed by;  
He saw the hill and the tree and the cloud with  
an artist's mind and eye,  
And he painted them down on canvas for the other  
nine to buy.

—Selected.



## YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

## A LETTER FROM JAMAICA

Dear Young People's Editor:

Just to let the Seventh Day Baptist young people know that Mrs. Crichlow and I are well and learning to like Jamaica better every day. When we landed Sunday morning, November 13, we were disappointed at the strangeness of the city of Kingston and its people. But as we have seen all of Kingston and been all over the island (and we haven't yet visited all the churches and groups), we like it more and more. The scenery changes every place you visit; and it's all beautiful.

The young folks in Kingston, and throughout the island, are plentiful and fine to work with. As an example of some of the things the young folks of the Kingston Church are doing, I enclose the program of welcome which the Church as a whole (the young people taking the lead) extended to their new pastor and his wife on Sunday night, November 20. Please note that there were six young people's groups represented on the program: the Royal Literary Club, a group of young people of college age and younger (I went swimming in the blue Caribbean Sea with members of the Royal Literary Club); the Sabbath school, especially the toddlers; the Sunbeam Club, teen-age girls' group (my wife likes these girls very much, already); the C. E., senior group of boys and girls; the Pansy Club, girls' group of younger girls (my wife loves this group as well as the other); and the Friendship Circle, a junior C. E. group of hard workers. Christian Endeavor really means something to the young folks of the church. They really work at it and as a result are a very strong group.

I send this report to you as editor of the Young People's Page, for I think the young folks of the denomination would be very interested in what Jamaica young folks are doing. From time to time I shall send you reports of their varied activities.

I am just beginning to be acquainted with the work here but I like it very much. I see great possibilities for it; the work definitely has a future.

Yours in His service,  
Luther W. Crichlow.

4 Sea Breeze Avenue,  
Bournemouth Gardens,  
Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.,  
November 24, 1938.

## PROGRAM OF WELCOME

Opening hymn; Scripture, read by Miss Fisher; prayer, Rev. G. D. Hargis; band selection; recitation by Miss Myrtle Wells; group song by Royal Literary Club; song by Sabbath school; duet from Sunbeam Club; recitation by Miss E. Evett; band selection; solo by Mr. Hamilton; anthem by Christian Endeavor; reading of welcome by Miss E. Evett; offering, organ solo; band selection; chorus by Pansy Club girls; saw solo by Mr. S. Gordon; chorus by Friendship Circle; Welcome, Mr. T. Smith; solo by Miss C. Murdock; band selection; General Welcome, by Rev. G. D. Hargis; Reply, Rev. L. Crichlow; Appreciation; hymn; benediction, by Mr. Crichlow.

We certainly welcome to our department reports of the activities of the young people of the Kingston Church and of the other groups of the island. We hope they will report frequently.

With such young people as Rev. Mr. Crichlow has to work with, the possibilities in his field are limitless. We congratulate him for his great good fortune. We also congratulate the young people for their enthusiasm and Christian spirit. We hope and pray for their joy and success in their activities.

The young people are enthusiastic and active. This is shown by the above report of the spirited program of welcome which they planned and gave in honor of their new pastor and his helper.

## THE BEND IN THE ROAD

It was mid-afternoon and we were walking along a little, seldom-used road. There were wheel tracks on the road. Sometimes they were quite indistinct. At other places where the earth was a little softer they had cut deeper and were very plain. In some places the water had run down freely in the track and had made sizable ruts. The road was very crooked because it followed up the ridges and finally crossed over the top of the mountain to Dutch Corners on the other side.

As we sauntered along, now up a gentle slope and then up a sudden steep acclivity we were prone to compare our lives with the road. It was well toward the middle of the last month of the year. Many things had happened to us during that year—many unexpected things—and now the year was about to end. Everywhere along the winding road

there were the colors that always accompany nature on the mountain during the winter months. There were the successive ridges to which the little road climbed, turning first one way and then the other. There were the great rocks, and piles and piles of smaller ones that covered big patches on the mountain side as if held in place by some mystic magnet. From one turn in the way we could see tree trunks standing, with few limbs or none, charred by a long past forest fire. Almost anywhere along the way we could see spire-like pines. Everywhere were shrubs, saplings, scrub oaks, broken trees, weeping willows.

How like our lives the little road is. We go along tripping so lightly sometimes that we scarce make a track, then at some hidden turn of affairs our steps become burdened with care and anxiety and the tracks are worn deep into the sensitive stuff of which life is made. At times we become unmindful of the issues of life and allow frivolous matters to run freely in our way and they soon wash out a rut and endanger our progress. Now isn't the road like our lives? Oh how so many things do perplex and trouble us; sometimes even to the extent that we almost give up in despair.

But a little road can help us here too. It is still so like life that we were thrilled and uplifted in soul as we walked and talked about the suggestiveness of the road for living life. If living a life is to be a success it must always go upward as the little road does from one ridge to another till it finally reaches the top. At the turn on each successive ridge there is new and broader vision—if we are not too hurried to notice. That glimpse of greater power, insight, and understanding gives impetus to living and we aspire to still greater heights. With the strength gained from the last climb and the rest at the crest of the ridge, we have stored up now within us courage, purpose, and perseverance that will surmount any sudden or unexpected trouble that may confront us. We even look to the turns in the trail with joyful anticipation, hoping for some greater opportunity that may come to us that we now cannot see.

"But how," do I hear you say, "does the road suggest opportunities for living?" Did you ever walk along a little road and think about its relationship to the world about it? Did you ever read a poem about a road?

So many have been written that it seems no one could walk along a road and not see how it would lead to opportunities. Let's not forget that the road is life and the opportunities are for living. If we are going to live selfishly, the opportunities will be few. True living means service. That is where true vision leads, and the road has multitudes of suggestions. At least our road did.

There were multitudes of treelets and saplings. These are the children of the world all around us. Do they not present opportunities? Oh, how Jesus would wish to take them in his arms and tell them a true story about life so they would grow in "favor with God and man." Then there are the shrubs, the scrub oaks, the broken trees, and the weeping willows. What wonderful opportunities these present to a life of service—words and deeds of kindness, sympathy, loving ministration, hospitality. Jesus would tell us a story about the "Good Samaritan" and say "Who is thy neighbor?" Then he would become stern and say to us, "Go, sell all thou hast and give to the poor and come and follow me." Yes, and what about those forlorn charred trunks that are standing so hopelessly alone? Those are people in need—thousands of them—people who once saw good in life, but who have become disillusioned by hardship and adversity till there is left scarcely anything but a charred and crippled life. Do they not present an opportunity? Jesus would have you and me minister to their need. He would even pin our hope for our own salvation on that ministration, for he said, "Whatsoever ye did to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

Our little road does not only show us the need in the world, it shows also the joys and brightness there. Squirrels scurried everywhere and we got a fleeting glimpse of a stately buck with broad rack. There on the slope was a pompous cock pheasant nearly blending into the natural colors around him.

Did you interrupt? Oh, you ask, where does God come into this road life of which I speak? God is everywhere in it. The road itself goes upward always. Sometimes the incline is gradual; sometimes it is steep, but it always leads upward till it at last reaches the top, and God. The spire-like pines point to God and even those charred tree trunks, forlorn though they are, lift their tops toward the heights of achievement. God is every-

where. The mountain shows his infinite strength and endurance and patience, even his loving care; for it carries the whole burden of this road life of ours, even to providing in its rocky ledges homes for its inhabitants. The stones which so magically cling to the perilously steep slopes bespeak the presence of God and the magnitude of his loving kindness which draws all things to himself. The grays, browns, and greens are colors of subdued life of the winter season and show the faith and hope that at another season God will bring new and brighter life. The trees that lift their leafless branches toward heaven as if in patient prayer, waiting for God's fullness of time to reclothe them, chide us in our fretful impatience. Life is like a road.

Young people, as we face a new year, let's think of it as a bend in the road that will bring to us opportunities to serve, opportunities for greater joys than we have before experienced because we have surmounted another ridge and gained a wider vision, greater strength, and a deeper understanding of our God and his purpose in the world.

Happy New Year to everyone and may God bless each day of it with a new thrill and a greater joy in living.

M. C. V. H.

## CHILDREN'S PAGE

### OUR LETTER EXCHANGE

Dear Mrs. Greene:

It surely is a pretty Sabbath here and I hope you are also having a pretty one. It snowed a little here yesterday but not enough to stay on the ground.

I stayed home from school yesterday because I had such an awful cold. A bad cold surely can make anyone feel mean, can't it?

I am still reading the Children's Page and enjoying it very much. Last night I read the latest Children's Page and I noticed that Mary Helen Bottoms wrote a nice letter and story. She is my first cousin and I think she is a sweet little girl.

The birds are very frisky this morning. They are flitting around outside and acting as if they are enjoying the cold weather.

My grandmother Butler is very sick now and we do not expect her to live very much longer, but I do hope she will live until Christmas because there are lots of her grandchildren that would like to see her at Christmas. I

know Nancilu hopes she will live until she gets to see her. We feel sad to think we have to give up our dear grandmother. She is ninety years old and has been very feeble for some time.

I may be so busy from now until Christmas, studying for mid-term tests and doing other things that I will now wish everyone a Merry Christmas.

Your RECORDER friend,  
Mary Alice Butler.

Dear Mary Alice:

The Sabbath was rather dark and snowy here but quite a bit warmer than it had been for several days. Little Joyce and her father and mother came home from Independence church with us and will remain until evening today. Joyce can't seem to see why I am running the typewriter instead of looking at pictures with her, but at last she has coaxed her grandfather to take my place for awhile. Of course we are all making great plans to make her Christmas a very happy one.

You will indeed miss your dear grandmother when the loving Father takes her to her heavenly home, but you will know that she is happy there and will rejoice in her happiness. She has indeed lived a long and useful life. We have a dear lady in our Andover Church whose ninety-eighth birthday we helped celebrate not long ago. We all love her.

A bad cold is certainly not a comfortable or pleasant thing to have, and I hope you are all over yours by this time, and that you are ready for a very Merry Christmas when it comes, just one week from today. Are you all ready for it? I am not sure I am; I never am until the last minute. Through you, since yours is the only letter this week, I wish RECORDER children, one and all, a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Lovingly your friend,  
Andover, N. Y., Mizpah S. Greene.  
December 17, 1938.

### MY BIRDS

Dear Children:

Do you like my three birdies? This fourth one is rather sad. This beautiful baby boy only stayed with us a few days. But while he was with us there was a mocking bird, sorry, and sorry! Did you ever hear one sing all the pretty little trills and carols of bird songs he had heard other birdies sing?

This one sang from early morning until nearly noon; then from about four o'clock in the afternoon until midnight or after. We loved his songs, but when our little baby went away he went away, too, and never came back. I guess he was sorry for us, don't you?

We know our little boy is an angel, and, boys and girls, let's be good so some day we will be with our angel babies and mamas or papas and our Jesus who loves us.

Aunt Hattie.

### AN ALPHABETICAL QUIZ

A was a wicked king, killed as he deserved.  
B was a heathen god whom he had served.  
C was a fair country along Jordan's shore.  
D, a kind woman who made coats for the poor.  
E was a good mother who had a good son.  
F was a title by Abraham won.  
G was a giant who met a strange fate.  
H, a high officer, devoured by hate.  
I, with his mother, wandered famished and lone.  
J dreamed of angels while asleep on a stone.  
K, a proud leader who stirred up a strife.  
L was dead but Christ gave him life.  
M was a woman who chose the good part.  
N was a widow who returned with sad heart.  
O had the largest bed that ever was made.  
P gave her minister comfort and aid.  
Q, with his brethren, the Roman friends greet.  
R, the fair damsel at the well we meet.  
S, an old man who saw Jesus with joy.  
T was where Paul lived when he was a boy.  
U was the man to whom David did wrong.  
V, Paul says, to faith should belong.  
W, a title to Jesus was given;  
We'll find it more true when we are in heaven.  
(No X in this quiz)  
Y was what Paul called his friend Timothy.  
Z, though a lawyer, yet a Christian could be.

—Mrs. Willis Edgar Philbrick, in  
the Silver Cross Magazine.

(Kindly sent us from the RECORDER office by Miss Hazel Gamble. We hope some boy or girl will answer this quiz in a later issue of the RECORDER.)

## OUR PULPIT

### THE WINNING CHRIST

A NEW YEAR'S SERMON

(But preached at the yearly meeting of the New Jersey and eastern New York churches at New Market, October 22, 1938, by Rev. Herbert L. Cottrell)

Texts—Jeremiah 31: 3; John 12: 32.  
Scripture—Jeremiah 31: 1-9; John 12: 23-36.

Attractive, subtle, and powerful influences of all kinds are at work in the world. We are subject to them, influenced by them. The influences of home, work, literature, music,

science, natural phenomena, friends are constantly affecting our lives and changing our character for better or for worse. Of all of these influences none is so mighty and far-reaching as that of the living Christ. And one unique characteristic of this Christ is his winning power, his power to draw, attract all people unto himself, as expressed in those immortal words, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." He called Peter and Andrew, James and John from their boats, and Matthew from the seat of customs—and they followed him. What was the secret of the winning power of the Christ?

### His Spirit

It was the spirit of the Master. There are two spirits in the world, I can imagine Jesus reminding the disciples: the earth spirit, that greedy, grasping, selfish spirit which always puts personal ambition and material success and personal comfort above the welfare of others; and that other spirit, the spirit of sacrifice, unselfishness, service, sacrificial giving. It was this spirit which Jesus so marvelously lived, the spirit which found expression in Jesus' dying on the cross. It was a spirit little heard of in that age. The great mass of the common people were burdened with the problems of making a living; they were suffering from malignant diseases from which there was no cure, suffering from the oppression of imperial Rome who thought only of what she could get out of the people in the way of taxes and service, and little or nothing of what she might give. They only knew the haughty spirit of oppression, greed, and selfishness. When Jesus came to them with his loving spirit, thinking not what he could get out of them but what he could give them, concerned not for self but for the highest welfare of others, it was an un-heard-of but joyful revelation to them. They could hardly believe it; but they were drawn to him in humility, homage, and undying devotion.

The spirit of Jesus was expressed by a dominating, all-absorbing desire for the welfare of others! Could such a spirit fail to draw men unto Christ? Do we as Christians who are called to win others to him, possess his spirit, expressed so beautifully in that song—

"Lord, help me live from day to day  
In such a self-forgetful way,  
That even when I kneel to pray,  
My prayer shall be for OTHERS.



"Help me in all the work I do  
To ever be sincere and true,  
And know that all I'd do for you  
Must needs be done for OTHERS.

"Let 'self' be crucified and slain;  
And buried deep, nor rise again;  
And may all efforts be in vain  
Unless they be for OTHERS.

"Yes, others, Lord, yes, others,  
Let this my motto be;  
Help me to live for OTHERS,  
That I may live like THEE."

May this spirit of the Master animate and control us that we may win others.

#### Loving Personality

Another source of the winning power of the Christ was his loving and sympathetic personality. What is personality? Personality is the essential character of a person as distinguished from a thing; or the term signifies those personal qualities and endowments, taken collectively, which distinguish or set apart one person from another. Jesus possessed that depth and breadth of a divine personality which enabled him to appeal to and attract all classes and conditions of people. He was at home equally with the fisherman in his rough sea-faring clothes, with his fisherman's language and limited experience; with the business man in the marts of trade who had a wholly different view of life; with the scholar in the synagogue and the halls of knowledge; with the housewife, absorbed with the problems of making a home; with the publican and the sinner, chained down by sin to the lower levels of life. Of all the great men of history where shall we find one comparable in personality to the Man of Galilee? Luther was a giant, but not without grievous faults. Calvin was a great theologian and philosopher, but he was all intellect and deficient in feeling and affection. Cromwell was the builder of the English commonwealth, yet he made many blunders. Scientists tell us that no perfect emerald, ruby, or diamond has ever been found. The finest emerald is feathered, the ruby has a cloud, the diamond at least one flaw. Professor Grey held that every blade of grass, every rose, and every leaf exhibited some form of imperfection. But oh, the tribute paid to Jesus! The centurion "found no fault in him." Pontius Pilate judged him "without sin." Rousseau said, "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ died like a God." At last came the voice from the sky, saying, "This is my well-beloved Son, in

whom I am well pleased." What a personality! Jesus said it is enough for us Christians to be as our Lord. How much we need to deepen, broaden, and enrich our personality under God, if we are going to draw men to Jesus Christ!

#### Enduring Love

And one chief element in Christ's divine personality was his long-suffering, persistent love, a love that would never let go, a love most beautifully expressed in Jeremiah 31: 3, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." The children of Israel had been in captivity for seventy years because of their sin, idolatry, and stubborn rebellion against God. But God loved them still with a love that wouldn't let go, and through Jeremiah he expresses that love and finally brings them back home and gives them another chance. Hosea also shows God's affectionate interest in this wayward child of God. Hosea mourns over Ephraim's sin and punishment, "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? How shall I deliver thee to thine enemies, O Israel? How shall I make thee as Admah? How shall I make thee as Zeboim? Mine heart is turned within me, my compassions are kindled together. I will not execute the fierceness of mine anger, I will not again any more destroy Ephraim; for I am God, and not man; the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee." What a lament of long-suffering love! If we as Christians want to be as our Lord and possess a winning personality, we must have a love like that, which endures to the end.

#### Sympathetic Understanding

Another element in the winning personality of Christ was his sympathetic understanding of all classes and conditions of humanity. He could look through, behind the face, into the depths of a person's past, and understand and see things that others do not see; he knows things about a man that others do not know. He has that divine eyesight that can see the slumbering good in all, the hidden and dormant desires and possibilities, and he with his infinite sympathy and wisdom can appeal to this best in man's soul and lift him out of the mire of his sordid self, lift him up to a higher plane and save him. Jesus knows how to challenge that slumbering goodness in man and dare him to do his best. Oh, were it humanly possible for us as Christians to have this sympathetic understanding of the depth

of a man's soul, of his hidden struggles, aspirations, and failures, we then might have greater success in winning discouraged, defeated sinners.

#### All Powerful?

But the question may be asked, "Is the winning personality of Christ able to draw all men unto himself?"

A gentleman who was being urged to accept Christ, said to the preacher: "There are some things in the Bible that seem to be highly contradictory. Christ must have overestimated himself. Once he declared that he would draw all men unto him, and yet he hasn't done it. I know that you will remind me that he hasn't yet been lifted up before all men, but even that does not alter the case. Men go to church and listen to you; they even read the Bible, and then go away and live worldly lives. They devote themselves to money making and sensuality, and are not drawn to your Christ—at least not more than one of them in a hundred is."

"Do you believe that there is such a thing as gravitation?" the preacher asked. "Certainly I do." "Well, what is it?" "I believe philosophers define it as being an invisible force by which all matter is drawn to the center of the earth."

The preacher stepped to the window. "Come here," he said, "Do you see those gilt balls?" pointing to the pawnbroker's sign across the street. "Yes."

"How about the gravitation now? You say that it draws all matter to the center of the earth, and yet these balls have been hanging there for three years."

"Oh, well," said the young man, his face flushing, "they are fastened to that iron rod."

"Yes," replied the preacher, "and it is so with the men of whom you speak. One is bound fast by the lust of the flesh; another is anchored by his ambitions; and still another finds his business an iron that holds him fast."

Christ draws men wherever he is lifted up to their view, but they can resist him if they will. Think of the thousands of men and women who by their indifference, their worldliness, by their stubborn wills can resist or ignore the loving, sympathetic, and understanding personality of Jesus Christ.

#### The Christian's Part

But this loving personality is not known to many people because he is not lifted up before

them by Christian people. It is our duty to bring Jesus Christ to the world in all of his beauty, loveliness, and saving power. If we fail here, we fail in the great mission to which we have been called.

"Will you go into the prayer meeting with me?" said a man to a stranger. "Yes, I think I will," was the answer. From that time the stranger began to go to church, and came to see Christ as his Savior. "Do you know," he afterwards said to the man, "that I have been seven years in this city? In three days the grocer and milkman found me out. But you were the first who ever said, 'Come on to the house of the Lord.'" The grocer, the milkman, the automobile salesman, the business man are not slow in lifting up their interests, the things of the world with all their attractions and advantages. What the world most needs is this loving, sympathetic, soul-saving Christ. Can we not lift him up before the world in all of his beauty and power? Let us more courageously face anew this challenge to the Christian of today.

## RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

### REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

From July 1, 1938, to December 1, 1938

As the director of religious education was on the field at the time when the report should have been made for September, this report covers a period of five months.

The time during July was spent in preparation of Bible school lesson material for the last quarter of 1938, for an address at Conference, and for addresses to be given on a trip on the field.

A trip on the field, planned in consultation with the Committee on Field Work, was begun August 1. Before Conference the churches and communities visited in which we have denominational interests were as follows: Dodge Center, Minn.; New Auburn, Wis.; and Ashaway, Rockville, Second Hopkinton, and Westerly, R. I.; Waterford, Conn.; and the Piscataway Church, New Market, N. J. At New Market the director preached the sermon at the ordination service to the gospel ministry of his son, Trevah Randolph Sutton. The week of August 23-28 was spent in attendance of annual session of the General Conference, held in Plainfield, N. J. The trip on the field was continued following Con-

ference with visits being made to Milton and Milton Junction, Wis.; Garwin, Iowa; Scottsbluff, Neb., reaching Denver and home, September 11.

November 4-7, a trip was made to North Loup, Neb., to attend the yearly meeting of the churches of Colorado, Kansas, and Nebraska. At this meeting the director delivered three sermons, two of which were special, one being a sermon in connection with the ordination of deacons for the North Loup Church, and the other in the interest of denominational and Conference matters. He also conducted a conference on religious education and preparation for Christian leadership, and a forum on denominational and Sabbath School Board work. The expense of this trip, which was \$5, is being divided between the Sabbath School Board and the General Conference, as it is felt that the work was about equally divided between them.

About the usual amount of office work and correspondence has been carried on during this period, and material for the *Helping Hand in Bible School Work* up to the middle of the second quarter of 1939, has been prepared. As it requires about one month of study and writing to prepare the material for one quarter's lessons, this has taken about one-half of the working hours for the period for which this report is given, as it seemed necessary to crowd into this period more writing than usual, which ordinarily takes about one-third of the director's time.

In doing this work about 5,800 miles have been traveled at an expense to the Sabbath School Board of \$176.31, all of which has been paid except for the trip to North Loup. This expense includes cost of travel, lodging, and necessary meals while en route.

Respectfully submitted,  
Erlo E. Sutton.

### DENOMINATIONAL "HOOK-UP"

FARINA, ILL.

The Sabbath school is planning a Christmas program to be given Sabbath evening, December 24, in connection with the annual Christmas tree.

The church has recently been covered with green slate-covered shingles, which adds greatly to the appearance of the church, also the parish house is receiving a much needed coat of paint.

The Intermediate and Junior Christian endeavorers are holding weekly meetings with the usual interest. The Junior C. E. meets in the parsonage with Mrs. A. T. Bottoms as superintendent while the intermediates meet in the church with Pastor Bottoms as superintendent. Mrs. Shirly Rogers directs the music very efficiently for the latter.

We are looking forward to the Christmas home-coming of our large number of young people who are away in college or teaching.

The Intermediate and Junior Christian endeavorers had their social in the parish house Tuesday night, December 6. The time was spent in playing games, after which refreshments consisting of cookies and hot chocolate were served. All present extended thanks to the efficient social committee who planned the meeting.

Correspondent.

HAMMOND, LA.

The Hammond Church is still on the map, and we are quite alive if we are few in numbers.

Our pastor, Rev. Verney A. Wilson, gives us splendid, helpful sermons each week.

In November our pastor went to Little Prairie, Ark., on a missionary trip where he held several services with the Little Prairie Church.

The Ladies' Aid has been quite busy quilting and doing other work, and has several other quilts engaged.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Crandall invited the church out to their suburban home for Thanksgiving dinner. Needless to say, they did justice to a sumptuous repast and enjoyed a social time.

Correspondent.

RIVERSIDE, CALIF.

The Riverside County C. E. Union held its fall convention in our church October 1 and 2. It made a lot of work for our small group to provide for the guests, but we were more than compensated by the inspiration.

Mrs. Hargis and her family arrived several weeks ago and found a hearty welcome. Our best wishes were extended to them in a social evening November 5, and on November 9 a canned fruit and jelly shower was held at the parsonage. Don has grown into an upstanding fellow around six feet tall, Dorothy Ann keeps everyone smiling, and Miss Phillis DeCosta who has come to the States with them is winning the interest and love of all. Mrs. Hargis spoke most interestingly of the work in Jamaica at the Sabbath morning service,

November 18. We expect to hear Mr. Hargis preach on the Sabbath just before Christmas. He is expected to arrive home about December 21, if the boat is on time.

This year we had a delightful Thanksgiving Day. We met at the church for a Thanksgiving service at 11 o'clock. After the sermon by the pastor many used the opportunity to express their personal feeling of gratitude to God for his goodness to them. It was inspiring to hear them, one after another, voice their thanks to the Lord. Then we were blessed by the bounteous repast which our social committees had prepared for us in the church basement. Four turkeys were donated and others were purchased so that everyone had plenty of turkey, with all the usual trimmings. About 175 dinners were served to our members and their family guests. Following the dinner a delightful program of music and readings was enjoyed. Part of it was impromptu and that added informality and enjoyment. There was nothing to mar the day. Many said it was the best social and religious church gathering they could remember.

On December 3 we were blessed again. This time it was the visit of Dr. George Thorngate and family, who came to worship with us again before he starts back to China next month. Doctor George would not preach for us, but he did give us a challenging talk during the church service. Then Helen spoke during the Sabbath school hour, so we heard from both of them. Then in the evening came another informal social gathering such as we have quite often. We enjoyed music and visiting and light refreshments, with stories and banter, and good messages from Doctor George and Helen. Though Helen's message was the singing of "Old King Cole" by the doctor and the boys.

Just now we are busy in the preparation of a Christmas cantata. During the month we have had the warmest December weather on record. Two days the thermometer registered ninety, and one day ninety-one, with numerous days in the eighties. Now the rain has begun, breaking a long dry spell. We are enjoying the fellowship of numerous winter visitors from Wisconsin, and trust we may bless them as they do us.

Correspondent.

NORTH LOUP, NEB.

The annual church dinner will be held New Year's Day, January 1. The committee

named is Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Dell Barber, and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Barber. The regular quarterly meeting of the church will be held in the afternoon.

The choir met to practice Sabbath afternoon. A picnic dinner was served in the basement before the practice. Practices were also held throughout the week, and another will also be held Sabbath afternoon. A picnic dinner will take place before the practice.

The juniors sent a box of gifts to the Nebraska Children's Home this week.

The December all-church social will be held Sunday evening, the eighteenth. Supper will be served at seven o'clock, for which all are asked to bring food and sandwiches. A gift box has been arranged, and all are requested to bring a small present. A Christmas program has also been planned. The committee in charge is Rev. and Mrs. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. James Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Van Horn, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Thorngate. A good time is being planned.

—North Loup Loyalist.

ALFRED, N. Y.

The mayor elect of Gary, Ind., is a former Alfred University student, Dr. Ernest L. Schaible. He was matriculated at Alfred in 1902, but completed his baccalaureate and medical work elsewhere. It is expected that he will give up his practice and give his entire time to his new position. Doctor and Mrs. Schaible were Alfred guests for a short time during the past summer.—*Alfred Sun*.

### NOTICE — MISSIONARY ADDRESS

Rev. Luther W. Crichlow, 4 Sea Breeze Avenue, Bournemouth Gardens, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.

### A PREACHER'S WIFE

No, she isn't prim and proper,  
And she doesn't care a copper  
What they say:  
She's so innocent of wrong,  
And so full of laugh and song,  
That she's happy all day long  
On her way.

She's no zealot or fanatic,  
Doesn't have to wax ecstatic  
To be good;  
She's a woman through and through  
Sweet, and sensible, and true,  
Whose religion is to do  
What she should.



She's not fond of public speaking,  
 And she's not a bit self-seeking,  
 Hers to be  
 Not the leader in the strife,  
 But a happy, helpful wife,  
 Quite content to live her life  
 Full and free.

I'm not sure that she's ideal,  
 But what's better far, she's real,  
 And intact;  
 She's no figment of a dream,  
 No imaginative dream scheme,  
 Not a poet's idle theme,  
 She's a fact!

—By Robert Whittaker,  
 in *Pacific Baptist*.

### THANKS AT NEW YEAR'S

BY E. E. (MRS. LUTHER A.) WING

We would give thee thanks—thou giver  
 of every good and perfect gift, for many  
 things—

The bird songs that begin with the coming  
 of the dawn, and continue until the falling  
 of the twilight.

The beautiful wooded hills, softened by the  
 blue haze that covers them; the running  
 streams; the meadows dotted here and there  
 with buttercups and daisies.

The beauty of the sunset and the gorgeous  
 coloring of the dawn. All these have we seen  
 and loved, thou Giver of gifts.

The musical souls, whose richest melodies  
 have come down to us through the ages, kept  
 alive by skilled fingers and lovely voices.

The keen minds that bring to us in choicest  
 phrasing, things uplifting and helpful; and  
 the poetic minds that picture in faultless  
 rhythm the beauties of nature, and sympathy,  
 and grace for the troubled and distressed.

The many opportunities that come to all  
 for the use of the one talent that each possesses  
 —and the promised grace for every need.

One has said, "God has made all things  
 beautiful in his good time, so many things I  
 cannot count them all."

So make our lives echo a hymn of praise  
 to thee—not only at the New Year, but every  
 day—we ask thee, thou Giver of gifts.

## O B I T U A R Y

CHAMPLIN.—At his home, 9 Granite Street, West-  
 terly, R. I., November 27, 1938, Dr. John  
 Champlin, aged 75 years.

Doctor Champlin was born in Westerly on  
 October 5, 1863, and was the son of Samuel  
 Anthony and Mary (Bliven) Champlin. He  
 practiced medicine in Westerly for more than

forty-five years. On January 21, 1891, he was  
 united in marriage with Anna Elizabeth Lyon,  
 who died four years ago.

Doctor Champlin is survived by his wife, Mrs.  
 Frida M. Champlin; his daughter, Mrs. Francis  
 C. Lathrop, and three grandchildren.

Doctor Champlin was eminent in his profession  
 and was affiliated with medical organizations and  
 influential in the founding of local and state  
 associations. He was a member and regular at-  
 tendant of the Pawcatuck Seventh Day Baptist  
 Church.

Farewell services were held on Wednesday  
 afternoon at the church and interment was in  
 River Bend Cemetery. Pastor Harold R. Cran-  
 dall officiated.

H. R. C.

KENNETH.—At the home of her son in Westerly,  
 R. I., December 8, 1938, Mrs. Florence E.  
 Kenneth, wife of the late William D. Ken-  
 neth.

She was born in Hopkinton, May 28, 1869, the  
 daughter of William A. and Mary E. (Whipple)  
 Burk. She was married to William D. Ken-  
 neth December 7, 1888. Two children born to this  
 union survive their mother, Mrs. James M.  
 Stewart and Donald W. Kenneth. She also  
 leaves a granddaughter; two brothers, J. Henry  
 Burk and William E. Burk; and a niece, Mrs.  
 Edward J. Salter.

Mrs. Kenneth was a member of the Pawcatuck  
 Seventh Day Baptist Church and active in the  
 work of the church and auxiliary organizations.

Farewell services were conducted by Pastor  
 Harold R. Crandall. Interment was in River  
 Bend Cemetery.

H. R. C.

KING.—Mrs. Elizabeth (Rhodes) King, daughter  
 of Daniel G. and Anna Rhodes, was born at  
 Fredericksburg, Pa., June 17, 1854, and died  
 November 28, 1938, at the home of her son  
 William A. King, in New Enterprise, Pa.

She was united in marriage with Christian L.  
 King on October 10, 1872. For sixty-three years  
 she was a devout member of the German Seventh  
 Day Baptist Church at Salemville. Surviving are  
 three children, Rev. Frank R. King, William A.  
 King, and Mrs. Bertha Detwiler; four sisters; two  
 brothers; thirteen grandchildren; and twenty-  
 one great-grandchildren.

M. C. V. H.

STEWART.—Ruel Clinton, son of Alvah and Mary  
 Stewart, was born in Cazenovia, N. Y., June  
 17, 1874, and died December 10, 1938, at his  
 home in Cortland, N. Y.

Mr. Stewart became a member of the First  
 Baptist Church of Cortland in 1917. Although  
 not a member of a Sabbath-keeping church, he  
 believed thoroughly in the Bible Sabbath.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Inez Cardner  
 Stewart; two daughters, Mrs. Mildred Stevens  
 and Mrs. Pauline Russell; one son, Arnold, all  
 of Cortland; two grandsons; two sisters, Mrs.  
 Charlotte Baldwin and Mrs. Bertha Church;  
 three brothers, Henry, Elias, and Luther.

Prayer service was conducted by Rev. W. F.  
 Davison, pastor of the Baptist Church of Cort-  
 land. The funeral was conducted in the Seventh  
 Day Baptist church of De Ruyter by Rev. Neal  
 D. Mills, and burial was in Hillcrest Cemetery,  
 De Ruyter.

N. D. M.